Each vitall ſpirit: for no Pulſe ſhall keepe
His naturall progreſſe, but ſurceaſe to beate:
No ſigne of breath ſhall teſtifie thou liuſt.
And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunke death,
Thou ſhalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile ſend in haſt to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he ſhall come and take thee from thy graue.
Iul: Frier I goe, be ſure thou ſend for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurſe, and Seruingman.

Capo: Where are you ſirra?
Ser: Heere forſooth.
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canſt thou know them ſo?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.
Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-ſtrong?
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confeſt.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo ſome good of her,
A headſtrong ſelfe wild harlotrie it is.

Entre

Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here ſhe commeth from Confeſsion,
Capo: How now my Head-ſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the ſin
Of froward wilfull oppoſition
Gainſt you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtrate here,
And craue remiſsion of ſo foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well ſaid.
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto,
Goe tell the Countie preſently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Iul: Nurſe, will you go with me to my Cloſet,
To ſort ſuch things as ſhall be requiſite
Againſt to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurſe goe in with her,
Helpe her to ſort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you preſently,
Nur: Come ſweet hart, ſhall we goe?
Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurſe and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thurſday would be time enough.
Capo: I ſay I will haue this diſpatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thurſday.
Capo: I ſay to morrow while ſhees in the mood.
Moth: We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion.

Capo:

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